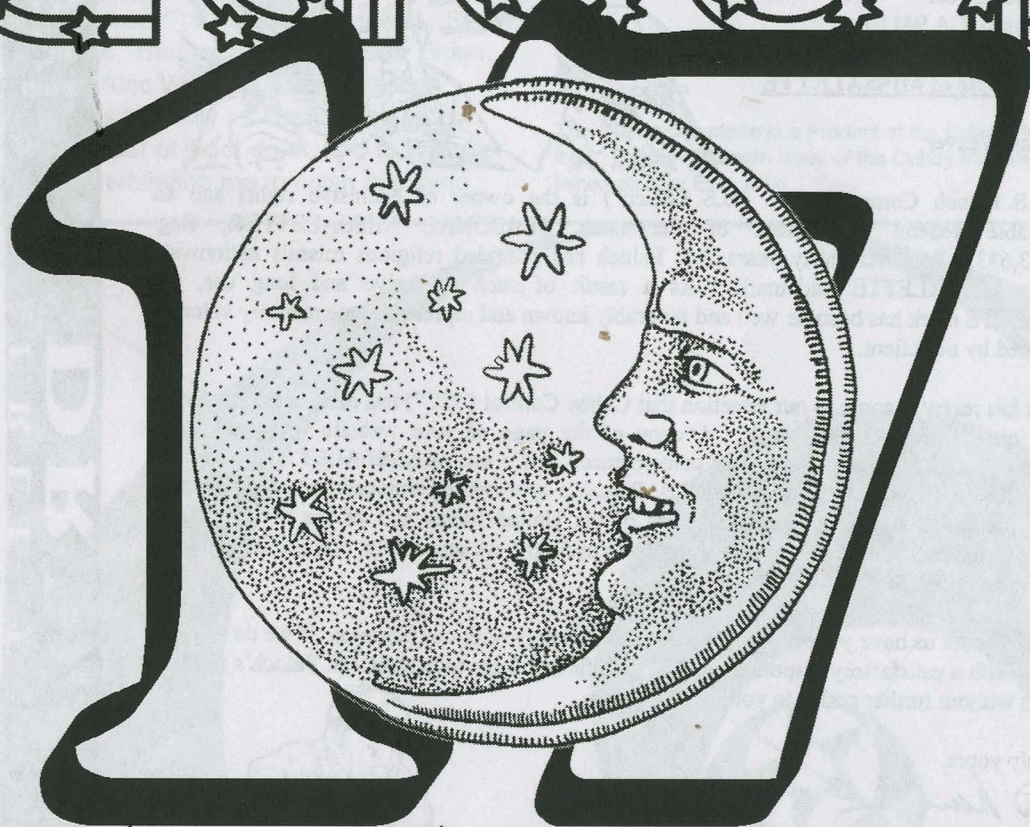




CULUB



misalatre

SOWING THE SEEDS OF FAITH COMES BACK

WORLD LIBRARY PUBLICATIONS

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VIA CERTIFIED MAIL RETURN RECEIPT REQUESTED

Cubby Control
Brian Weaver
1172 Florida Street
San Francisco, CA 94110

Re: Use of MISSALETTE

Dear Brian Weaver:

J.S. Paluch Company, Inc. ("J.S. Paluch") is the owner of exclusive rights and an incontestable federal registration of the mark SEASONAL MISSALETTE®, Reg. No. 1,923,633. For over thirty years, J.S. Paluch has provided religious missals nationwide under its MISSALETTE trademark. As a result of such extensive and long use, the MISSALETTE mark has become well and favorably known and represents an extremely valuable asset owned by our client.

It has recently come to our attention that Cubby Control ("CC") has distributed materials that use our MISSALETTE mark. A copy of the page of your website www.cubby.net, distributed by CC is enclosed for your convenience. CC's use of MISSALETTE is likely to cause confusion and mistake concerning J.S. Paluch's approval or endorsement of CC and its products, in violation of the trademark laws of the United States and of the various states, including California, where CC does business. Accordingly, we must insist that CC immediately discontinue all use of MISSALETTE.

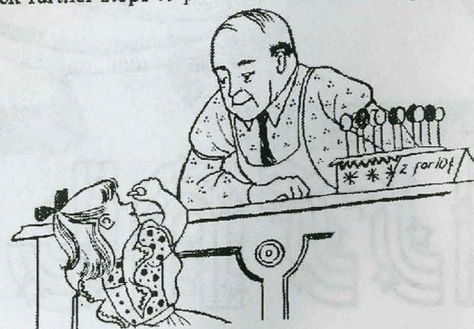
Please let us have your prompt agreement to comply with our requests. If we do not hear from you with a satisfactory response, we will seek further steps to protect J.S. Paluch's rights in its marks without further notice to you.

Very truly yours,

Rita Larkin
Intellectual Property/Royalties Administrator

CC. Peter Strand, Attorney at Law

Date: February 24, 2005



I'M SO HAPPY!

FREE FROM
DRUGS

CUBBY MISSALETTE 17

Thanks to those who contributed their writing, artwork, or collage layouts:

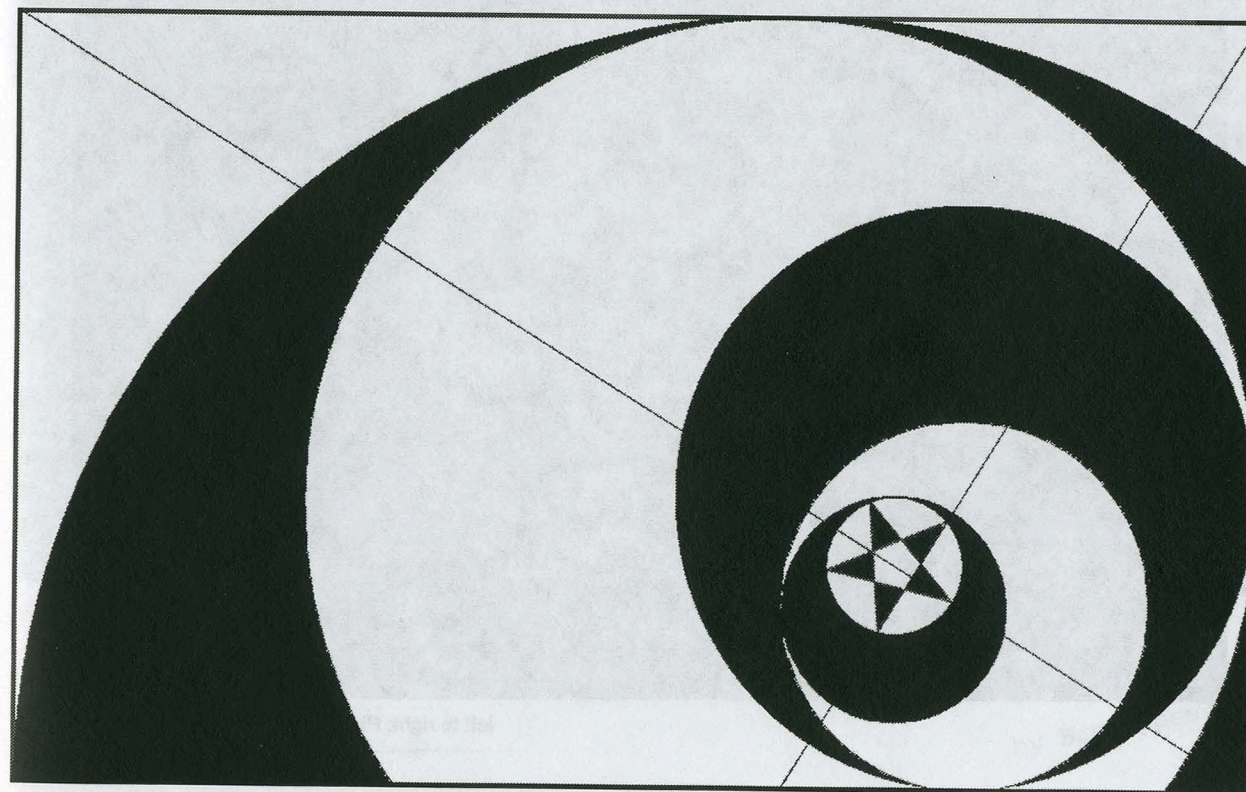
Brady T. Brady, Liz Costello, Elton Cuniffe, Emily Davis, Mike Davis, Bill Fisher, Rani Goel, Jason Gonzales, Ben Gustin, Eric Haas, Franz Keller, Kenneth, Craig Kester, Lorna Kirwan, Rita Larkin, Ada Limon, Cyrus Limon, Jennifer Lipscomb, James Lovekin, Zack Luchetti, Patrick O'Hearn, Yoko Ono, Ben Oppenheim, Yesenia "Seni" Padilla, Jol Perez, Phil Ramirez, Jamez L. Smith, Karl Soehnlein, Trismegista Taylor, Ben Tinker, Greg Turner, Alec Way, and Brian Weaver. Special thanks to Emily for hosting the layout party where most of it got done, and to Brian for occasionally reminding me to finish this thing.

This issue of the Missalette started with my desire to try something new. I had this idea of a zine-within-a-zine -- a small booklet tucked inside a larger one. Some folks called it the Marsupial Missalette. I started calling it the Seed Within. But really it just turned into an excuse to get more into poetry and more economical language. It also led to more focused and simplified page layouts. Not to say that the larger section of the Missalette is just padding -- there's lots of great stuff there too. Anyway, I think it's a great issue.

enjoy,

Bill

The Cubby Missalette is a Product of the Cubby. It is always free. This seventeenth issue of the Cubby Missalette was published on May Eve, 2005.





THE SINKING SHIP

phil ¿Con quién vas al baile?
GLORIA Voy con ozzy ito.



DOTS
by Elton Cunniffe

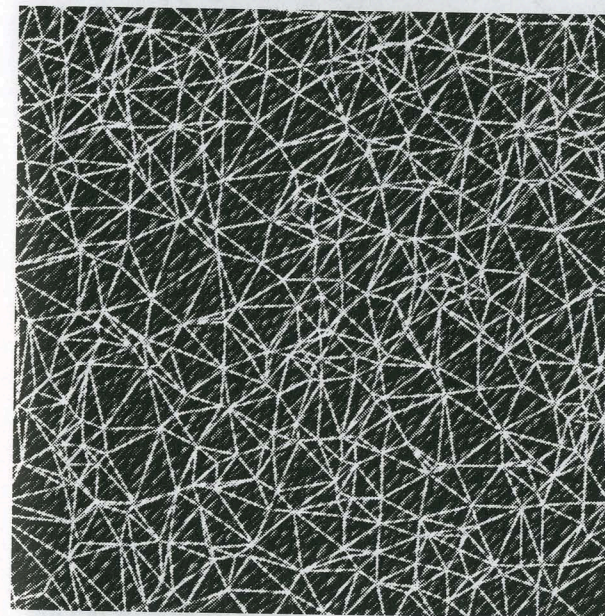
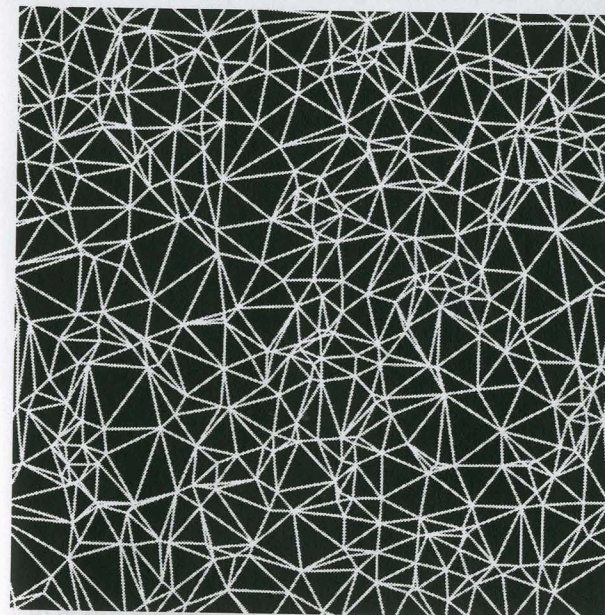
Dot by dot connections hop
they start with one and jump
in the middle
me
lost in thought
the lines are black
forever drawn

Trace a shape
focus on...



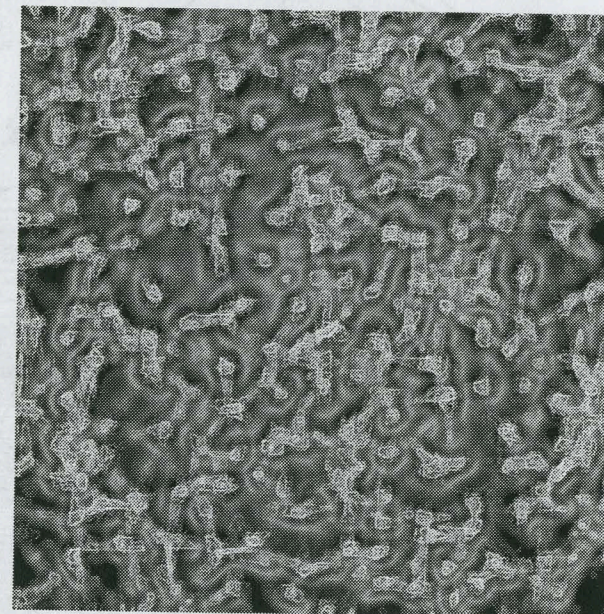
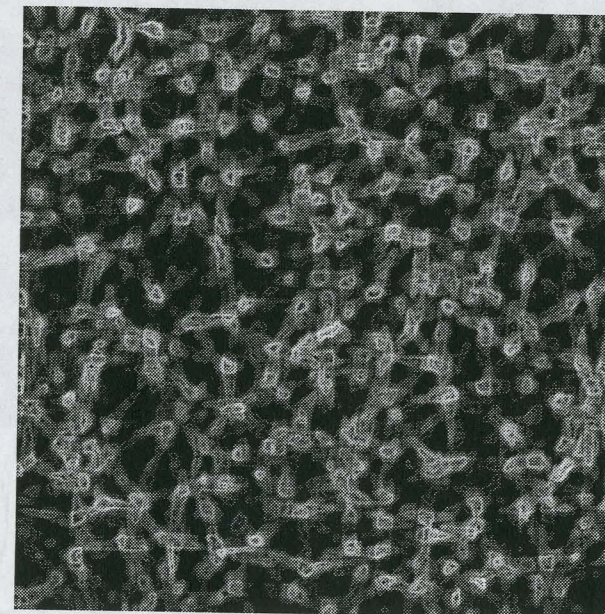
left to right: Phil Ramirez, Ozzy Osbourne

Your Brain



Your Brain on Rich Corinth

Your Brain Hello Neurons



Your Brain Slightly Damp

by Ben Oppenheim



Thicker Than Water

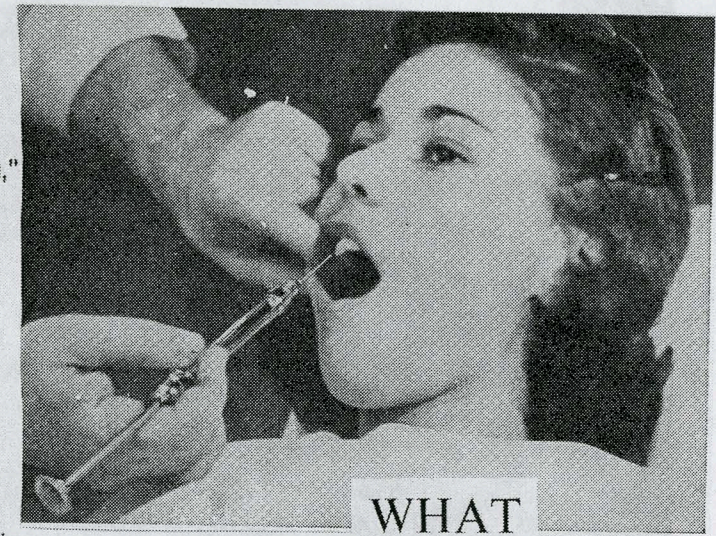
Suddenly old and not strong anymore, he stood beside his mother's grave and wept. Lonesome tears he never thought to dry. Good-bye tears. "Life is short, death is long," his father used to say. Now they were both dead. He went back to their house and got drunk.

In the morning he couldn't stop puking, everything coming up blood red and dark. He puked and sweat until finally it was all out of him; all the times with them growing up, the lousy meals in sour silence, the anger, the violence, the plain, bald hatred they'd had for each other. The hatred that held them together for over fifty years, a magnetism that neither of them could break. Then the old man died and she withered in six months to a skeleton with no teeth for hatred, nothing left to bite.

Now the pain was too great, too large and uncontained. What good was it, with no one to share it with? With no one to say unspeaking: yes, this is life; awful, sad, meaningless and mean. And I am meaner still, impervious to joy, to any suggestion of happiness or pleasure. I have hatred and I will burn you down. What good was it now that they were gone?

Sunday morning he nailed the windows shut, removed the old drapes, the green shades, lugged every piece of furniture, clothing, bedding, photograph, shaving brush, hairpin, bedpan, into the basement. Hours of slavery forcing chairs down the narrow backstairs, stacking piece after piece in the coal bins around the furnace. He took an axe to their oak bed, the bed they'd slept in in burning silence for fifty years, cut the dresser in two with a chainsaw, pulled the fixtures off the wall, tore the heavy molding from the doors and windows, crammed it all into the basement. Worked through the rooms until there was nothing left of them but the wallpaper, roses ascending on a trellis of faded canes. In the living room he sat on the bare floor, shouting their names until the neighbors came to see. But it wasn't like having a family.

-- Brady T. Brady



WHAT
IS AN
ATOM
SMASHER?

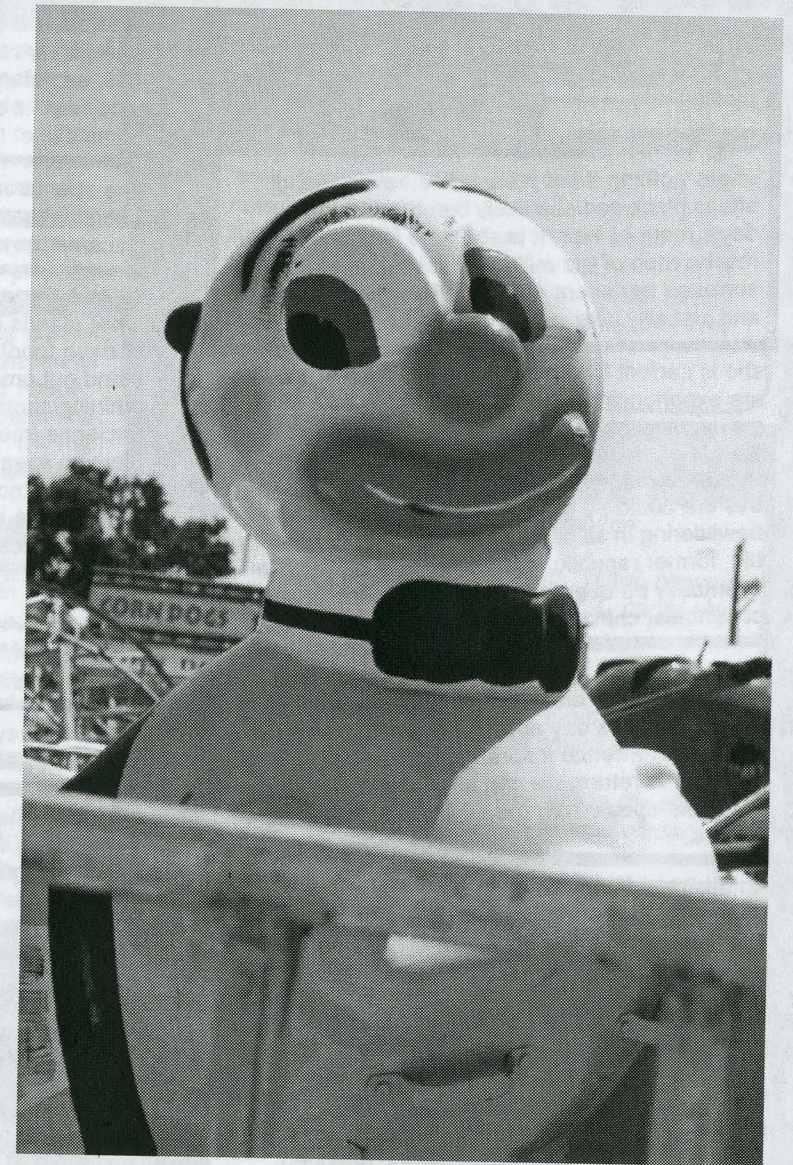


A voice from within the jar whispered softly: "Is it time?"



Stools

Puppet



Fair Ride

photos by
Rani Goel

It is she, madam secretary

by alec way

she is nothing if not preemptive. even though she is black and she likely bleeds every thirty days, more or less, it is she who makes all these macho men of the military-industrial complex that surround her seem sort of fluttering, sputtering and just silly, like jerry lewis was for dean martin.

she is perfect for the phase of life we in the u.s. are experiencing and living through. this era of pre-emptive strikes and those with more money "toppling" those they see fit to topple.

this era could be the beginning of our final blaze, bewildering in all of its white light, we, here in the big, former republic, our empire is likely to eventually be overtly owned by communist china. communist china, our biggest debt holder.

during this time of transition to the possible (likely) asian re-absorption of the rest of us, as the sun will one day absorb the earth itself into itself, from whence it sprang and to where it's yearning to return, we can all remember the daze of double-speak from the luminaries, the giants of our era.

in this regard, springing to mind immediately come senator joe lieberman, who is my personal favorite, senator joe biden, rupert ugly old vampire murdoch, senator ron wyden, senator orrin hatch, secretary of defense donald rumsfeld, former secretary of state colin powell, former FCC chairman michael big-white-and-pleasant powell, former white house press secretary ari fleishcer, current press secretary scott mclelland, senator barack same-old-shit-in-an-attractive-new-package obama, president bush (oil, death, devouring, toppling and god), first lady laura bush, ahmed chalabi & "codename curveball," former president bill clinton (winks and lip-biting), rush the light-shedding moralist bear limbaugh, hillary "the owl" rodham, president dick cheney (oil and death), jeff gannon/guckert, osama bin laden (oil, death and god), paul wolfowitz and all the neocon thinkers and retards, senator john "just-what-the-fuck-was-that?" kerry, thee sixty-fourth secretary of state, the vicious crone, medeleine "swastika eyes" albright and the one who needs no introduction, henry the-man-who-would-not-die kissinger.

she casts a cold, dark and winged shadow upon the (never really) united states of america., the u.s. secretary of state, condoleezza "chevron" rice, who is always preemptive in her (winged) luminosity.

she spent some twenty years at stanford military-industrial-complex university and eventually became provost.

as sri kali maa (she who controls kala, father time) stands out among a certain tattva (quality) of deva (god) in bharata (india), so does dr. rice stand out among all the neocon luminaries (shining controllers of lesser beings, or lulu, in ancient sumerian). her wide, focused and piercing eyes, the red and white of her giant devouring mouth, her superlative mind with all of its expertise in all things cold war, bolshevik and CCCP makes her especially qualified as the sharpest of thee neocons, their sycophants and associates.

on the seventh of may, 1991, dr. rice was named director of chevron corporation.

in 1995, chevron named their largest oil tanker the "condoleezza rice."

ten years after being named director of chevron corporation, doctor rice's tanker was renamed the "altair voyager." this was in may (my birth month) of 2001. this was pre-september 11th, 2001. that is very tidy, indeed.

her first name is awesome and it is very oakland to me. she's a north california woman, for sure.

the tone of her voice, when i first heard the term "no-fly zone" in such a way as to inspire formulating some music around it, was as if she was on the defensive. like karl rove, whose attack philosophy begins with attacking FROM weakness, she is always on the defensive for herself and her group of miscreants in the white house management company (bush administration) for adventures abroad, inc. (iraq adventure, afghanistan adventure, haitian coup d'etat, kyrgyzstan coup d'etat, etc.). she is always on the defensive, always on the preemptive. she hasn't the drunken cheerleader charm of our president, our loveable black sheep, our simple texas rancher, who pulled himself up from nothing, our president george w bush.

it is she, madam secretary, who shoots missiles from her very focused gaze and, preemptively, she strikes against all who would dare to argue and get more of that shrill voice spilling out the verbal weapons of mass destruction. everyone who gains her audience is in a no-fly zone.

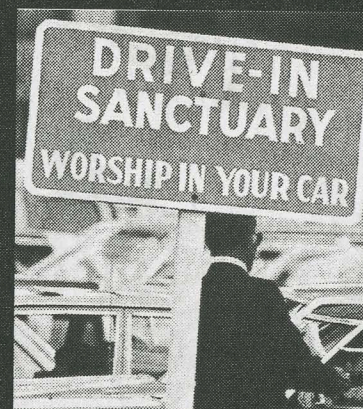
"they never stop thinking about new ways to harm our people and neither do we." -- president bush II.

liberal senators are worthless prostitutes without any more natural beauty, spontaneity, charms or tricks, trying to look winsome, giving our future away for a few ducats. they approve everything the management company brings forth. the high-ranking "liberal" rusty hookers are now teetering on being kicked out of the stable.

we bring in mass murderers and soul devourers, like john negroponte, and heart worms in human form, like john bolton, both of whom, especially negroponte, often have reasoned and measured, school teacher-ish voices, in comparison to doctor rice's laser beams of sound, which burn through the skulls, the walls, the skies.

doctor rice is always right. "i believe we will find the truth and i believe that saddam hussein had weapons of mass destruction." the WMD will be "found" and of that there is no doubt. this is because the doctor, madam secretary is always right.

AND her will be done.



Fusion offers immense advantages over today's fission reactors: only a fraction of the radioactivity, no threat of meltdown, and a plentiful source of deuterium from water. But fusion technology is so complex that some feel it will never be inexpensive enough to use. In any case, commercial fusion will not come before the year 2000.

from <http://www.dictionary.net/chevron>:

\Chev"ron\ (sh[e^]v"r[u^]n), n. [F., rafter, chevron, from ch[e]vre goat, OF. chevre, fr. L. capra she-goat. See Cheveril.]

1. (Her.) One of the nine honorable ordinaries, consisting of two broad bands of the width of the bar, issuing, respectively from the dexter and sinister bases of the field and conjoined at its center. [1913 Webster]

2. (Mil.) A distinguishing mark, above the elbow, on the sleeve of a non-commissioned officer's coat. [1913 Webster]

3. (Arch.) A zigzag molding, or group of moldings, common in Norman architecture. [1913 Webster]

Chevron bones (Anat.), The V-shaped subvertebral arches which inclose the caudal blood vessels in some animals. [1913 Webster]

Source: The Collaborative International Dictionary of English v.0.44

doctor rice is the shrill voice deep inside the black gold, the high-pitched, guided missile -- deep, rich, black and strong.

3 days after our baby girl was born, my partner Lucero and I were sitting on the kitchen floor with her placenta on the cutting board.

The little one was nursing away and we were reminiscing about Lucero's labor, getting ready to dry the placenta and make it into medicine. The Chinese believe the placenta helps the mother heal, prevents postpartum depression and tonifies the blood. Some hardcore ladies eat it raw.

Lucero gave birth at home in a cabin in Patagonia. Her labor was 14 hours, like a train that leaves the station and just keeps rolling.

B: It was punk.
L: Yeah, I thought it was going to be all sensual and mystic but, dude- it was humano.
B: Totally human. How do I cut this?
L: Finito. No, slice it from the side....Esa.

I began to cut thin strips off the disc of meat and veins- like for a stir fry. The idea was to dry it slowly, in cast iron pot over a very small fire and then grind it into powder. Blood was beginning to pool on the board.

L: I don't know if I would have used the word "punk" before. It was primitivo.
B: When you were grinding your forehead on mine and writhing and yelling, that was punk.
L: It had a concentration to it. Like meditation.
B: You looked like you were in a trance.
L: Its just.... a trip.

Suddenly we notice the baby has pooped down her leg onto Lucero. I want to help her up but my hands are a mess. I see that blood is smeared on Lucero's thighs too, she's still healing. The South American heat is cooking our brains.

L: Look at us! We are covered in blood and shit and sweat and human flesh! What did the punks know about punk. They were just making shit up.

Lucero somehow manages to get to her feet and heads for the shower.

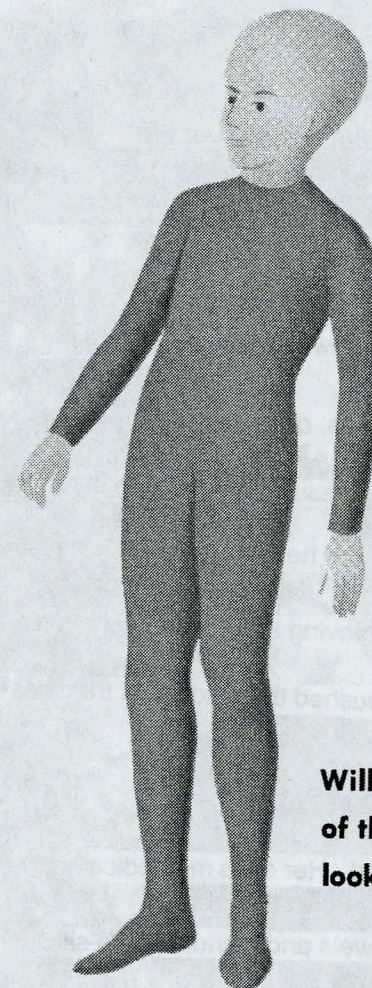
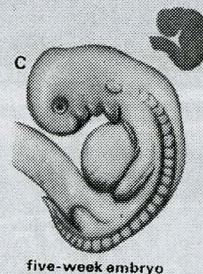
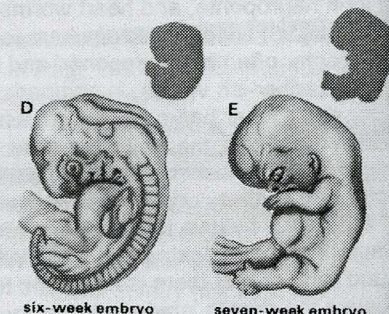
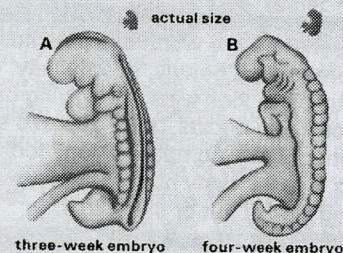
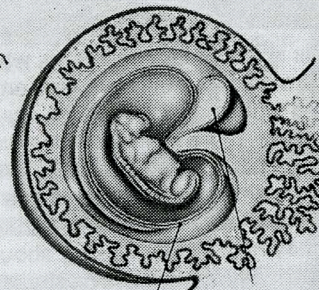
I fill the pot with meat.

I feel blessed, surprised, amazed by life. My whole world has been expanded.

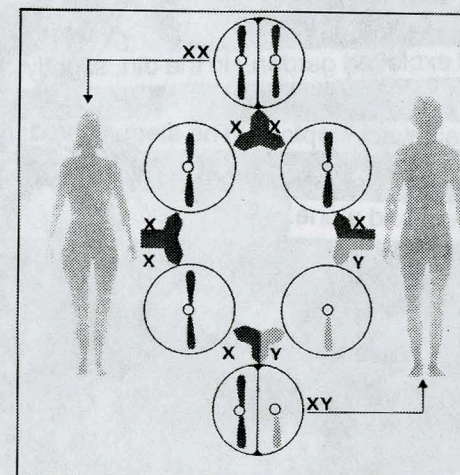
So I make a little prayer.

"Gratitude for all parents out there trying to do their best. Gratitude to the mountains across the street and to all my people. Step into life! Step into life. Hom Svaha!"

Baby life
by Ben Gustin



Will the boy
of the future
look like this?



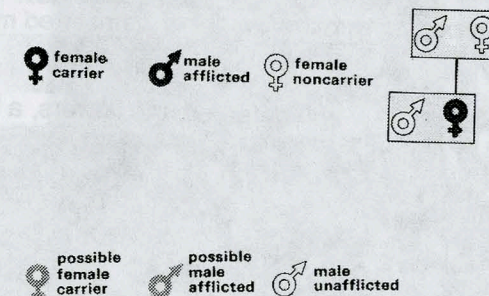
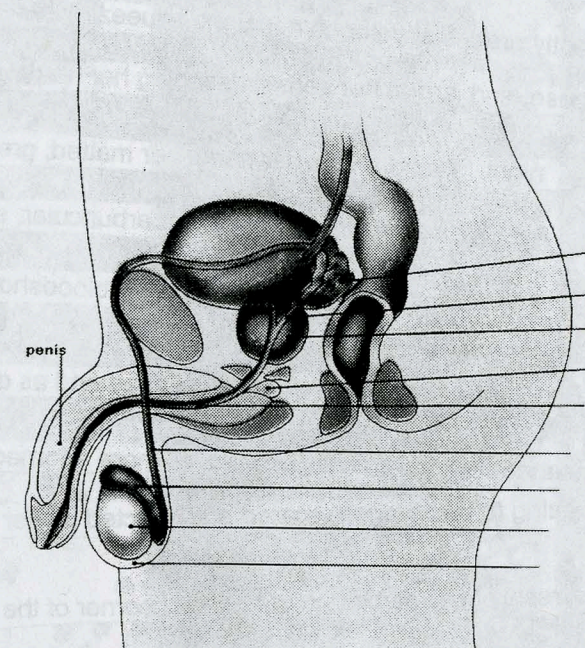
Boy.
Boy stands to one side, head tilted, side-
Swept hair, sweet
Side smile splashed on sunny sunned skin,

Skin crinkled on the sides of boy's eyes,
Eyes so cool green,
So warm, yet so love.

Boy walks like a summer's day, a smooth and easy
Swinging sway,
Sure as the sun, sure in my heart.

Boy smiles again, walks away. Moment framed,
Shot, stored away in my mind.

-Yesenia "Seni" Padilla

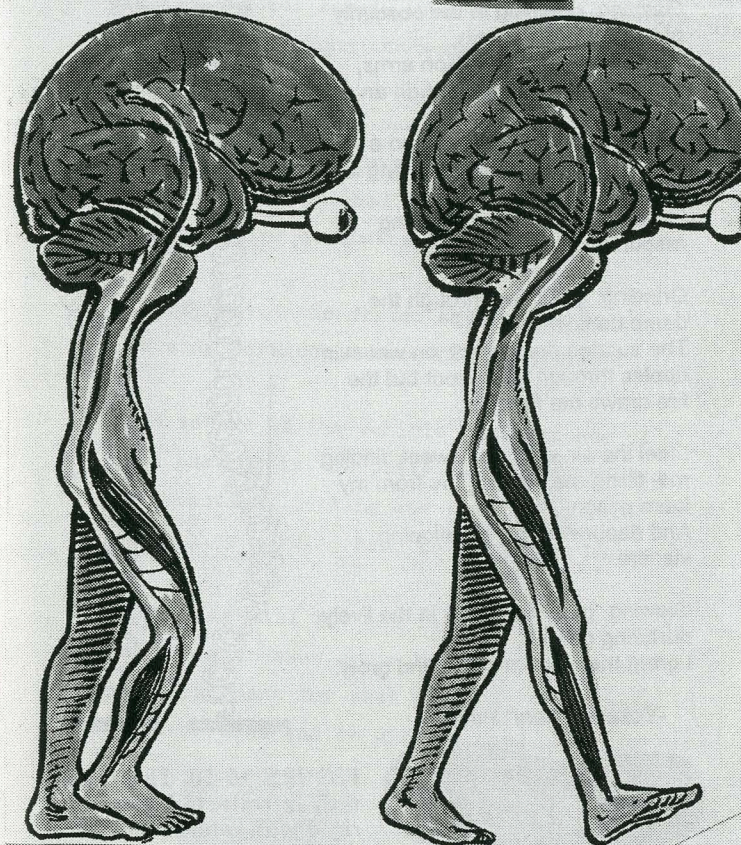


Astrid Roberts looked blankly out over her back yard garden. The sun shined over the scene, giving it a cheap tawdry yellow glow, like a 3rd street pawn shop, with its tarnished and rusted metal curios in windows, slathered with polish to produce a fallacious shine. The overwhelming odor of the overripe and bursting fruits and infested flower pods sagging over the mottled grass sent Astrid's head reeling. Lurid pinks, and wanton reds, decayed blues, and ghastly greens enveloped her sight, squeezing her eyeballs, drawing pressure to the bridge of her nose, and jarring her senses, sending her hurtling through the gates of hell, the gates of last night... Astrid shook her head, her matted, greasy locks of hair moving slightly into her eyes. Astrid raised a dirty hand to her carbuncular, shining face and pushed the mud mess from her bloodshot eyes.

"Fuck," She breathed, her voice as dead and as dry as a desert wind. Her eyes methodically scanned the yard, over the land, a whore adorned with synthetic jewels and manufactured silks, waiting to be ravaged, scared and infected by her next trick. Suddenly, she noticed a small patch of freshly upturned dirt in the darkest corner of the raped and exploited garden. In the dirt, slightly drooping with the weight of its inserted memories was a small hyacinth plant. The stem, curved and defeated, the flowers, a hopeful blue, crushed and alone.

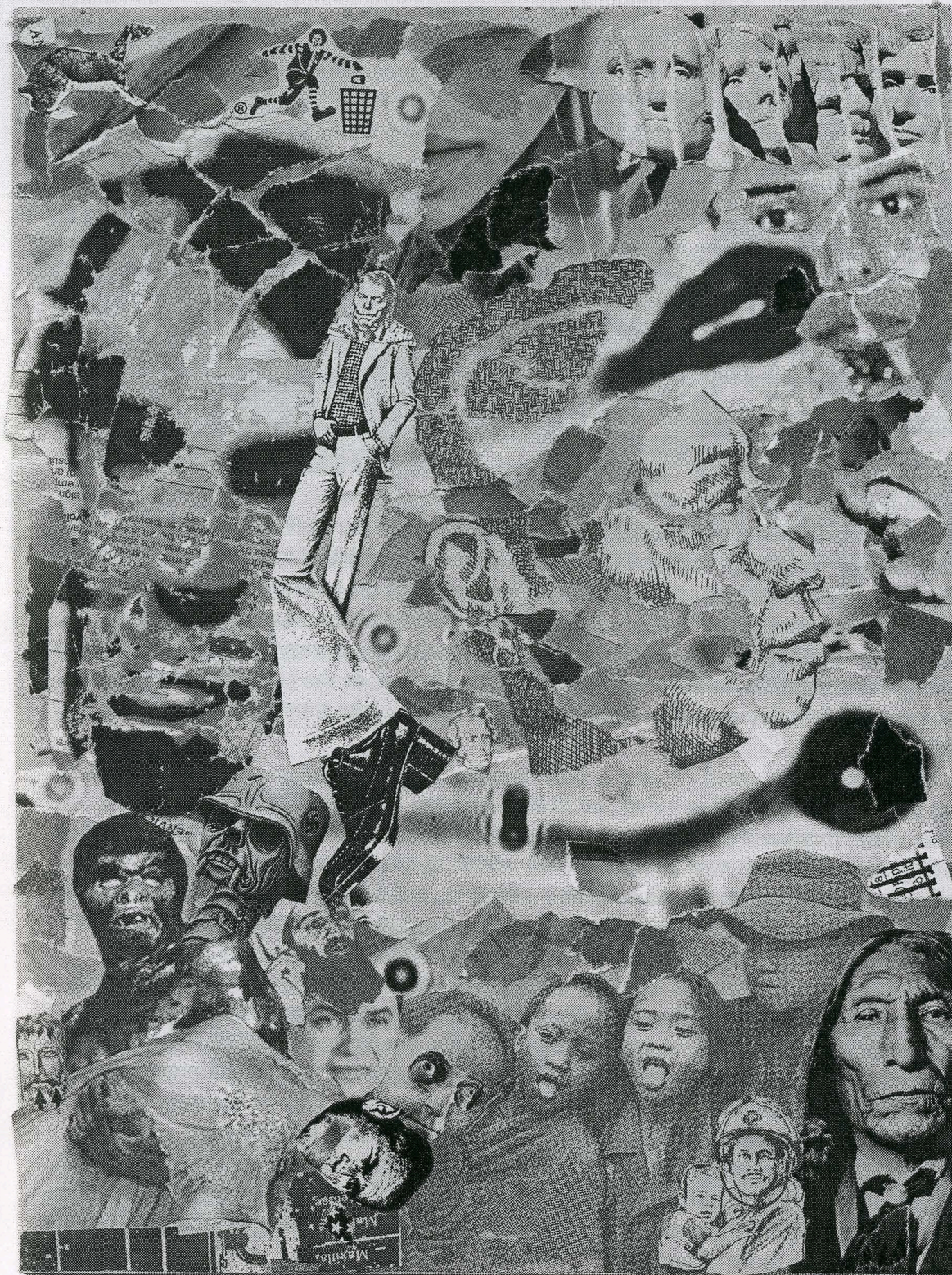
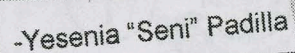
-Yesenia "Seni" Padilla

BIG brains little Words

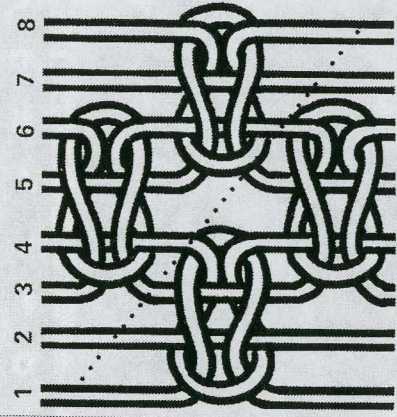


speak for me by 9. turner

and defeated, the flowers



NOTES ON A BOUTIQUE: 1983



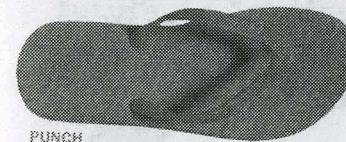
A boutique, understand, is a special place. The term had a very specific meaning to certain housewives in my hometown in the California Central Valley. It was a place where they all came to buy and sell crafts. These were of the homemade variety, and tended to be things like dry flower arrangements, gift baskets and wall decorations, perhaps a clock or two. The boutique aesthetic was that of fantasy rusticism - a world of warm hearths, plentiful harvests and peaceful folk. In fact, as the craftworks developed, these peaceful folk depicted in earthy browns and denim blues simply became Amish people.

Most boutiques were held in living rooms and garages. At one point, my sister and mother were very involved in a boutiqueing circuit in Stockton. There were regular meetings and events. It was a lot of friendly planning and hosting. My oldest sister Shelly was sort of a local star among the boutiqueurs, and I admit after years of reflection, I understand why. Her gift baskets had a special charm to them, a sort of refinement and attention to detail that made them more professional. Within her cellophane wrapped baskets there was a variety of carefully arranged goodies. Some baskets were devoted to food, homemade version of the gift packs you might find at a Pepperidge Farm store. Cheeseballs, miniature salamis, miniature jars of jelly, crackers, jelly beans (with unattractive clashing colors removed), taffy, nuts. There were also the toiletry baskets with their soaps, bath oils, powders, perfumes and shampoos. One of her most clever achievements was incorporating a pair of suede shower thongs into a basket. All of it looked as though it had been hand packed by a devout Christian whose hands frequently handled a cow's teats, some two hundred years ago. Many ladies sighed or quietly called out in joy when coming across my sister's work. And they sold well. People suggested that she open up a store of her own.

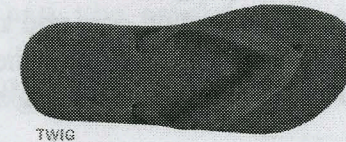
Before long, my sister had developed her handy work into a cottage industry and eventually found herself swamped with backorders. Her chronic friendliness and inability to say no had led her headlong into a production crisis. During this period, I remember her becoming more and more frazzled about her crafts. When I visited her house, there were piles of dry flower filler material strewn over the dining room table. Ribbons and cellophane hung over chairs and couches. It was a huge mess, thinly disguised by the tidy uniformity of her suburban home's front side, with its well-trimmed lawn and inoffensive color scheme. Her output was amazing. She churned out dozens of immaculate objects of rustic joy every day, many of them to be carted away to living room boutique scenes across the county. Our family was so impressed that it took us many months to learn that the whole enterprise was made possible by her speed addiction. It was a dependency that would later cause her to drive around for days in her car trying to outrun the imaginary people who were chasing her.

Anyway, she was a genuine talent among her boutiqueing friends and my family knew it, particularly my mother. I was thirteen and I still thought everything was interesting the way a child does, so when my mother, sister and my grandma Bea decided to host a big event one summer, I was happy to come along and help out. I was especially overjoyed when they told me they were going all out and renting a cotton candy machine. They told me that I was going to be the one to make and sell the cotton candy and that seemed like a good job. I remember making numerous test bales, which were invariably way too big and needed to eaten. Eventually I became very good at making well-groomed bales. I also became very sick of cotton candy.

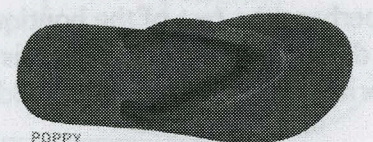
Going "all out" also meant they were going to have a clown. In my new adolescence I was already over the clown thing, but it became much more exciting to me once I learned that my youngest older sister's friend, Elisha, was going to be the clown. Being a pubescent teen, I was prone to pangs of lust, sensations that were wonderful in their unfamiliar but purely visceral intensity. Elisha, who was three years older than me, was to me a fully developed woman, and the unknowing object of my newly formed urges. For some reason, the idea of her dressed as a clown added an extra thrill to my crush. It was her job to go out and advertise the boutique. After spending the better part of the day holding a big sign with the address and tooting a bicycle horn, she came back embarrassed because a passerby asked her if her pubic hair was as pink as her wig. My sister laughed, but I could only blush at the thought of her pubic hair.



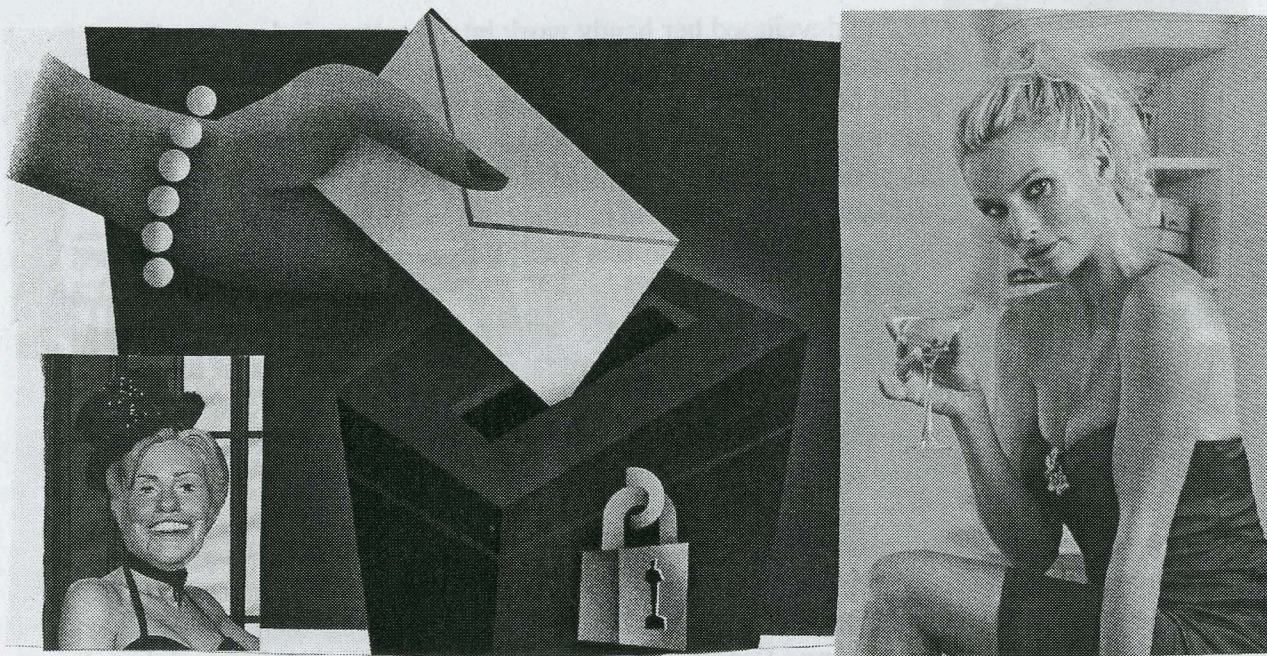
PUNCH



TWIG



POPPY



The finale of the boutique was supposed to be a raffle. My sister had made a very handsome basket and a few of the other women contributed crafts of their own. If you were a boutiquier, it was to be a truly generous giveaway. But the boutique was over and everyone had left by the time my mother and sister realized they had forgotten to do the drawing. They decided to do it right then. My sister got the box with the slips of paper and unceremoniously drew out a name. When she unfolded the slip and read the name, nobody recognized it. She bit her lip, put down the slip and drew out more slips until she got one with a name they recognized. Ultimately, Sharon McFadden won the prize. I didn't know her but my sister assured me that she was really nice.

I remember at that point going into the front room to watch television, carrying with me a funny feeling. The rigging of the boutique raffle happened quickly and seemingly without much consideration. I wondered if that was the way things like that always worked. For my own part, I didn't ask any questions or protest. I wondered if it was alright because it was one of those things no one really cares about because no one will ever catch you. I wondered what would happen if I raised a stink and documented the whole thing. I would make a sheet and go around giving it to all the women at all the boutiques. My sister's reputation in the boutiquing world would be irreparably damaged. Or perhaps the rest of the boutique community would only nod knowingly at such an act and defend my sister on the basis of her great talent, just like when you find out that your favorite movie star left their childhood sweetheart for another glamorous celebrity.



BODY PIECE Yoko Ono
Stand in the evening light until you
become transparent or until you fall
asleep.
1961 Summer

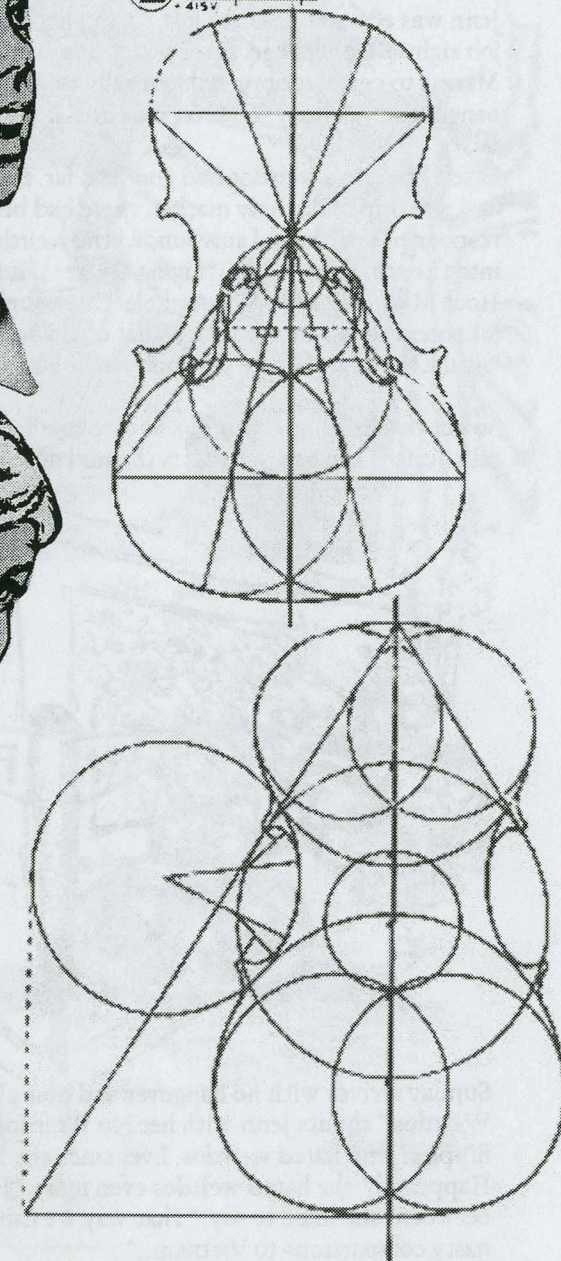
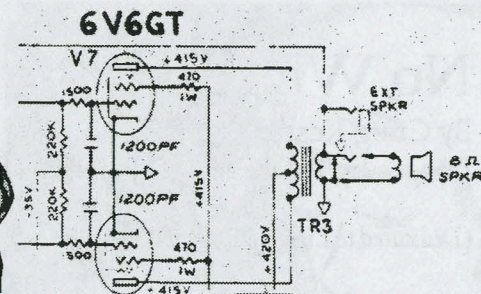
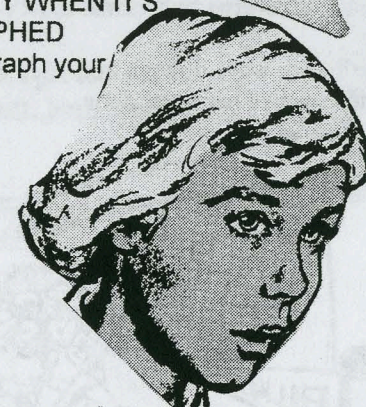
CLOUD PIECE
Imagine the clouds dripping.
Dig a hole in your garden to
put them in.
1963 Spring

TRAVEL PIECE
Make a key.
Find a lock that fits.
If you find it, burn the house
that is attached to it.
1963 Spring

**PAINTING TO EXIST ONLY WHEN IT'S
COPIED OR PHOTOGRAPHED**
Let People copy or photograph your
Paintings.
Destroy the originals.
1964 Spring

Notice that the amplitude
of the reflected pulse is
nearly equal to the ampli-
tude of the incident pulse.

you go to the cafe. you get a cup of
coffee. you get extra napkins and
bum a pen. you think to yourself:
revolution through inspired living.
the seedling awakes. the eternal
beginning. i am the embryo of the
person i will become. the world of
the future is latent within the world
of the present. art... life... there
is no so-called 'imitation'.



No Weirdos!

By Craig Kester

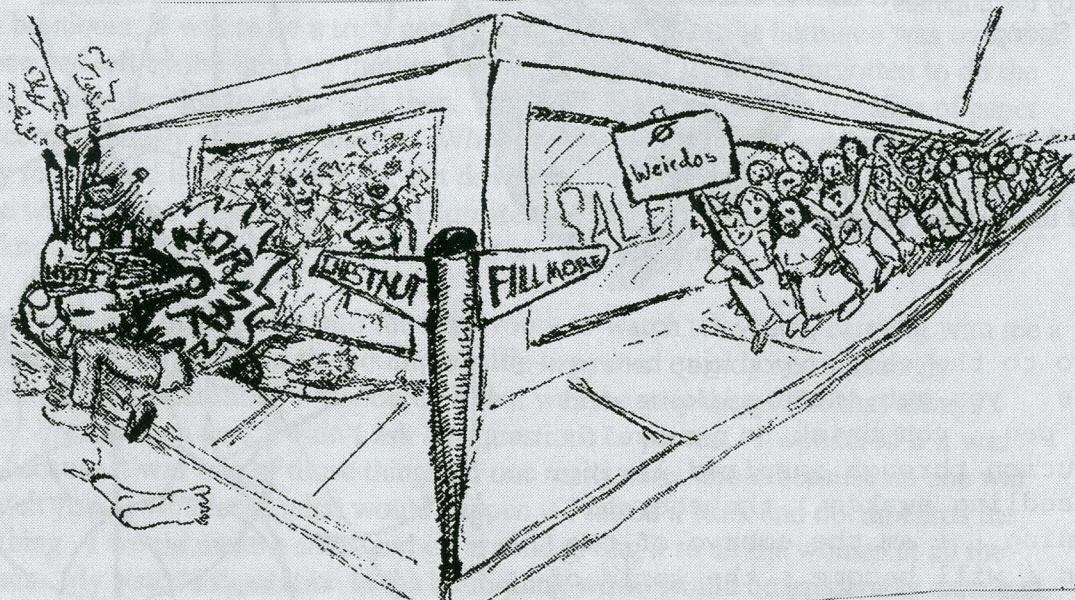
Images by Patrick G. O'Hearn

(Dedicated to Linda of Broken Wings wherever you are...)

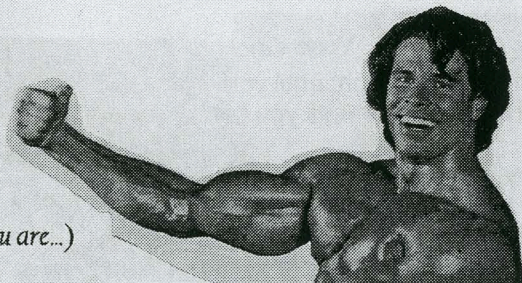
Jenn was ecstatic. She had just passed her first drug test. She had scored her first corporate job right out of college. Her two friends, Tina and Lisa, took her out bar hopping in the Marina to celebrate by getting legally smashed out of their skulls. "I hope I don't still have a hangover on Sunday. The No Weirdos! Rally is happening and I'm going," says Jenn.

Lately the city's weirdos had gone too far. Fed up with society's demands of mass conformity and worship of the holy market, there had been a mini weirdo riot. Luckily the Normal Police responded swiftly and surrounded the weirdos before any "dangerous" ideas could escape into the atmosphere like, "Living Wage - Human Rights - Truth Worship," etc. "Turn on the Hoot Machine!" cries Sgt. Asshole. Out pours the new Hootie and the Blowfish CD. Surround sound mediocrity. What could be worse? The Weirdos fall to their knees in agony. "Aaah...the utter banality! ...oohh... aahhh... Life returns to 'Normal'..."

So out to Chestnut Street go the three amigas to wave down a taxi. "See you Sunday at the rally" cried Jenn as she departs the taxi in search of her front door...



Sunday arrives with no hangover and blue skies with promise. Again, Jenn is ecstatic. "No Weirdos!" shouts Jenn with her No Weirdos! T-shirt pulled tightly to expose her lovely nipples. Jenn hated weirdos. Ever since she took that course at the University "The 60s Never Happened," she hated weirdos even more. "From Eisenhower to Reagan and nothing in between" she liked to say, "That way we can invade a country like Iraq and not have these nasty comparisons to Vietnam..."



FLASH! to Iraq: "Vietnam? What's that?" asked the young private on his way to Baghdad.

So another good ol' No Weirdos! rally prevails. Thousands of "normal" people shouting together: "No Weirdos! - No Weirdos! - No Weirdos!" And together they grateful for the new tax proposals on this year's ballot: "Tax cuts for Christians!" Jenn wept a tear.

Monday arrives. Day one at the new corporate job. Everyone is on the same caffeinated page with eyes bulging and bad breath to boot.

Work—work—work—brother...

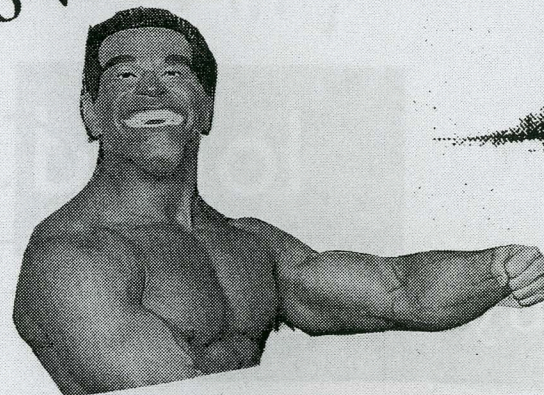
Work—work—work—sister...

What else is there? What else is there?

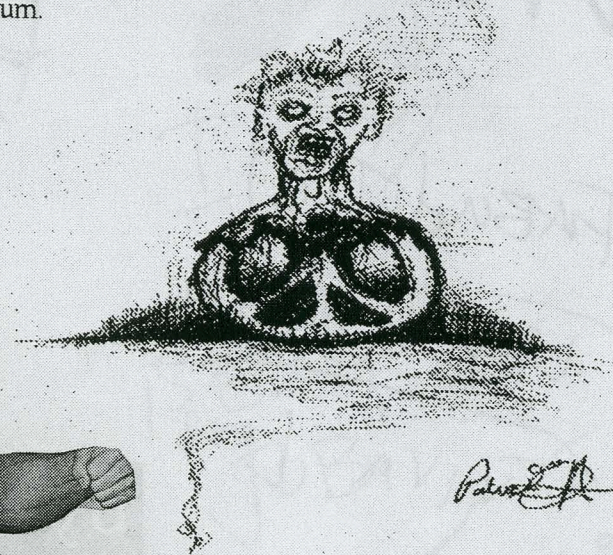
The mandatory corporate greeting is shouted with enthusiasm...Jenn is ready. Jenn belongs...

Next challenge: Jenn's 30 crisis! Babies and dollars! Wanted: 6' + male. Black hair. Perfect abs. Always available. Makes friends jealous. \$100,000 a year income minimum. And most importantly, No Weirdos!

No Weirdos!



Vietnam, what's that?



Patrick G. O'Hearn

PEACE
HOPE
& TRUTH

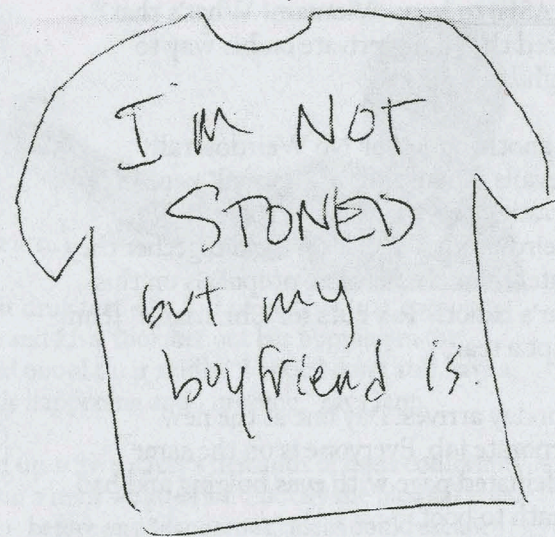
LIFE & HEALTHY
PETS

WIN A
DATE
w/ DAVID
DE MAYO.

FABULOUS!

LIFE & PROSPERITY

VIVA Love!

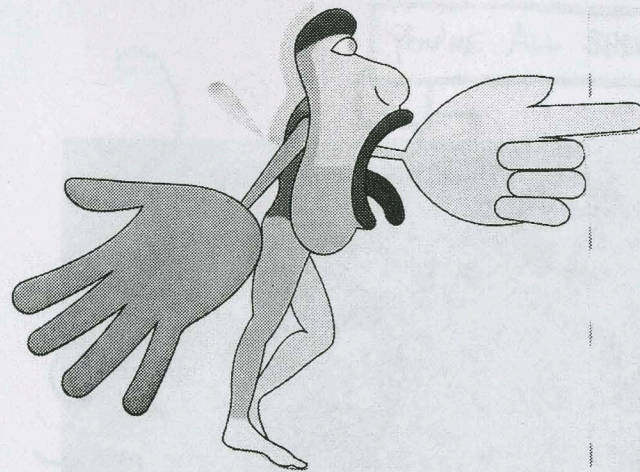


Love
NOTES

for
Miss Zette

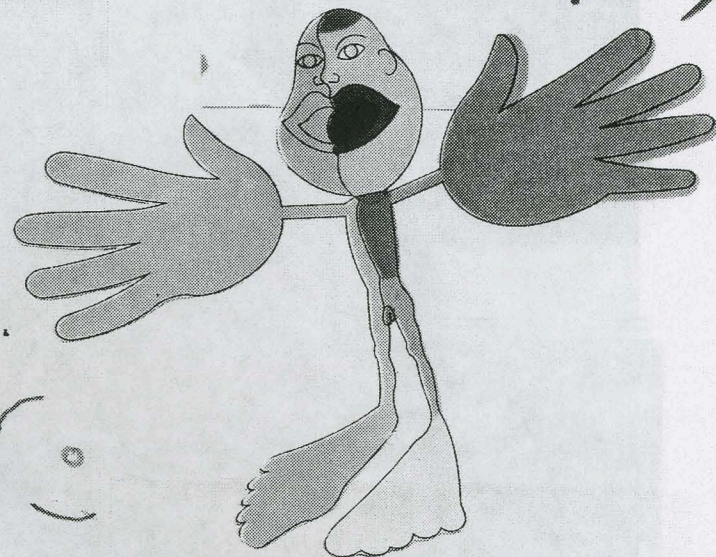
BETTER
THAN
EVER

by Jol



TODOS
SOMOS
ARTISTAS

I'M
OBSESSED
w/ DAVID
DE MAYO.



I ♥

MY
SEXY
JOB

by Jol

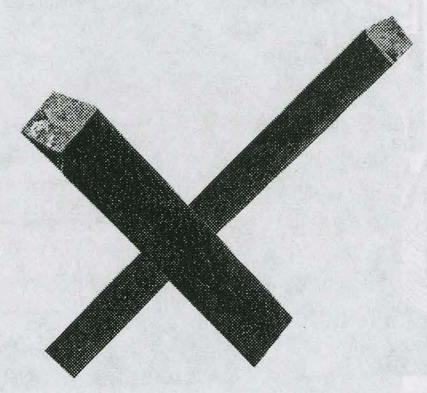


Al Gore, Politician 1976-2000





AMERICANSIDE BYSIDE



with



happier

ending

